

al Scott had ever heard the comparison, loved the present adage of "poor pay," had its origin in the manner here

A. L. HASKELL & CO.

ALL and Retail dealers in Furniture, Feathers, Beds, &c. at Chambers Nos. 8 and 10 Dock on hand, and will continue to keep constantly quantity that may be wanted, the following article sold on such terms as can but please the—Secretaries, Dressing Cases, Bureaus, Green-broke and common Tables, Ladies' Work Tables, Couches, Sofas, &c., Sofa Beds, Cribs, Bedsteads, Mahogany and stained-wood Cradles, Iron Chairs, Cabinet Chairs, Wash Stands and Counting Room and Portable Desks, Looking Glass, Brass Time Pieces, Wooden Clocks, Trunks, &c.

Double bordered best Spanish hair, double border hair, single bordered Russian Hair—different prices.

Best Northern Live Geese, Southern and Western of various kinds—all of which are warranted and fresh.

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Article sold, warranted equal to recommendation, and all favors thoughtfully attended to.

Nov. 11.

SCHOOL TESTAMENTS.

received, a large quantity of School Testaments, of every type, (from the American Bible Society) strongly bound in cloth. This is the best school Testament in the market, and will be sold at a

advance on the cost of materials, and a good quarto, octavo, and duodecimo Bibles, that are bound, and superior editions. For sale at un-

RUSSELL, SHATTUCK & CO., 121 Washington Street.

FRANKLIN SEMINARY.

NEW MARKET, N. H. This Seminary, will com-

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ZION'S HERALD.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, under the Patronage of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1835.

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ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

To John Henry Hopkins, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Vermont.

LETTER V.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR—We have still under examination your first position, "that the Temperance Society is not based on religious, but on worldly principles." We have endeavored to prove, that your assertion is equally applicable to the Missionary and Bible Societies, and therefore absurd. We know nothing of your individual opinions, in relation to the Bible or Missionary Societies. It is possible however, that while you hold the Temperance Society to be a legitimate mark for the opposition of every Christian, because its ultimate success would be "a triumph of infidelity," you may have a very different opinion of those other societies; though the constitutions of all three refer to God and to eternity, for their leading principles of action, and yet "such men as Thomas Paine and Robert Owen" may become members of either, if THEY WILL.—Let us not, Right Reverend Sir, think so very highly of our own opinions, as to pay no deference to the sentiments of our elders. Listen to the words of an eminent prelate of the Church of England, and judge for yourself, whether he considers the Bible Society and the Temperance Society objects of legitimate comparison or not. Upon page 36, of the 6th Report of the American Temperance Society, you may find the speech of the Bishop of Chester, before the British and Foreign Temperance Society. "America," said he, "had returned a benefit, which, some twenty-five years ago, she received from England. She then received the noblest institution which she thought the world had ever seen—the British and Foreign Bible Society. That Society America borrowed from England; and now the latter borrows the Temperance Society from America. The Bible Society had taken deep root and flourished there. So he trusted the Temperance Society would vegetate and prosper here, that we might find the benefit we had received from America was not inferior to that she had received from us."

We now present a portion of your last paragraph in support of that, which is "fundamental to the whole," that is, of your first position:

"I am aware it may be said in opposition to this, that the Temperance Society must be a Christian society, because it was devised and is still supported by zealous Christian men. Of the fact here alleged, there is no doubt; but I aver, that the inference does by no means follow, for the very plain reason, that the character of the men is one thing, and the character of the Society is another. Thus Christian men may establish a Bank, or an Insurance Company; but it would be absurd to call these Christian societies, merely because they were established by Christian people."

Now, Sir, we have never supposed, that the mere association of any number of zealous Christians, with any number of infidels and Atheists, would necessarily constitute a religious or Christian society. You illustrate your opinion by the examples of Banking and Insurance Companies; and you say, very truly, that "it would be absurd to call these Christian societies, because they were established by Christian people." We trust it is not the opinion of your Reverence, that the success of these institutions will be the triumph of infidelity; and yet they are not doing quite so much, we apprehend, for the glory of God and the good of mankind, as the Temperance Society. There would be no end to the illustrations of your opinion, should we attempt an exhibition of them all. We tender one only, in addition to those, which you have presented. There are, in England, societies, or clubs as they are called, composed mainly of country squires and jovial gentlemen; and the principal object of these combinations is to chase and catch foxes. It is not a rare occurrence to find clergymen of the Church of England associated with such company as this. If we are not misinformed, the fox-hunting clergy of England are not inferior to your purpose; for, notwithstanding the presence of these reverend gentlemen, no man, in his senses, would ever look upon such a body, as a Christian or religious society.

But perhaps it may not be amiss to inquire of your Reverence, since it is clear that the association of Christians with infidels does not necessarily constitute a Christian society, if the association of infidels with Christians necessarily constitute an infidel society, or a society whose success would be the triumph of infidelity? We should also be pleased to hear your reverence's definition of the word infidelity. If you are disposed to give it the same comprehensive signification with ourselves, that word applies to not a few individuals, who contribute to the support of the public worship of God, and some of whom are found in their pews, on the Sabbath day, with a very creditable regularity. They believe it to be politic to do all this; or that the example is beneficial to their children; or that it is agreeable to their wives; or they have a minister who preaches according to their tastes, and cultivates their sympathies, by abusing the Temperance Society, perhaps. Such men may not resemble, in their outward bearing, those virulent and clamorous scoffers, who occasionally struggle hard for a terrible distinction among their fellow men. On the contrary, they may be quiet, and indeed respectable and useful citizens. Nevertheless they may be covert infidels, without God in the world; men who "do not acknowledge Christ," and whose connection with a religious society is "not based on religious but on worldly motives." If, in the religious societies, that is, in the congregations of your own diocese, there are no such persons, you are singularly fortunate. But if there are, and most probably there are, then, Sir, your societies are not Christian or religious societies, upon your own principle. Your communications acknowledge Christ, but "the conditions of membership," in your societies, "are made to suit the unbeliever," that is to say, he pays his taxes, and behaves decently in church.—But we now afford you an opportunity of responding to this reasoning, by an exhibition of your concluding remarks, in support of your first proposition.

"In all cases of societies, the rule applies, that we look at the constitution or the conditions of membership in order to fix the character of the society; and applying this rule to the case before us, it is incontrovertible, that the Temperance Society does not recognize Christ, and therefore cannot with any propriety, be called a Christian society. And if it were a Christian society, it is equally plain that no unbeliever could consistently belong to it,

whereas there are multitudes of its members who make no pretensions to the Christian name: so that the construction of practice concurs with theory in support of our first proposition."

How much it is to be regretted, Bishop Hopkins, that you yourself did not look at the constitution of the Temperance Society, before you commenced your unprofitable labors! You would thereby have spared yourself the painful reflection, which must arise from the consciousness of having, however undesignedly, abused and misrepresented its principles of action. You have asserted, that it does not acknowledge Christ, and that it is based on worldly motives. Now we have shown you, that, although the society requires not of its members a confession of faith, it does acknowledge Christ, as much as the religious societies, in your own diocese, acknowledge Christ; that is to say, a multitude of its members acknowledge Christ, and many have made any such public acknowledgement. A very large proportion are connected with this society, from the most holy motives; and hope, by their efforts in this cause, to promote the glory of God, and forward the Redeemer's kingdom; others, as is the case in almost all religious societies, are governed by worldly principles.—You have also stated, that the society "sternly demands a written pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits, as the single condition of membership." This statement is untrue, Bishop Hopkins. In the first place, the society requires a performance of all things set forth in that pledge; and for that performance it holds up the highest and holiest inducements which can operate upon the mind of a Christian, as we have shown you from the constitution of the American Temperance Society, and as you will perceive more fully by an attentive perusal of the Reports of that Society. In the second place, as we have already stated, you have totally mistaken the scope of the society, as we have shown you from the same authority. Long before the publication of your lecture, total abstinence societies existed, at home and abroad; and a Bishop, who writes of "THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY," and writes for the world, should not confine his "long and anxious examination" within the precincts of a village, nor limit his inquiry to the proceedings of any particular society.—Your concluding sentence is just as applicable to worshipping societies of Christians, in which unbelievers are not unfrequently pew-holders and attending members of the congregation.

So far from relying on the pledge alone for support, or resting upon the strength of worldly motives, the modes of operation are various, and the motives are higher and holier, as may be seen by an examination of the constitution itself. How faithfully and efficaciously the numerous and responsible duties of the Corresponding Secretary of the American Temperance Society are performed, by the reverend gentleman, who now manages that department, is well known at home and in foreign lands. We commend to your perusal the ninth article of the constitution. You may there perceive how entirely you have mistaken and misstated the end and aim of the Society, and the means proposed for their accomplishment.

In the Fifth Report of the American Temperance Society, for the year 1832, page 62, of which society Christians of all denominations are members, we find the following remarks:—"Never was an idea farther from the truth, than that which represents the Temperance Reformation as only a secular concern, affecting principally the body; or confined in its influence to this world, or to time; to be discussed only on the week day, and that as a matter of convenience, expediency, or domestic comfort, pecuniary profit, or reputation, and respectability. Its principal influence, and that which in importance eclipses and swallows up every other, is upon the soul, and for eternity; according to the sentiments of the learned judge referred to.—As much as the soul is worth more than the body, as much as eternity is longer than time, so much more important is its influence on the soul than on the body, and with regard to eternity than with regard to time. And till its influence on the character, prospect, and destiny of the soul for eternity shall be exhibited on the Sabbath, from the pulpit, by the ministers of Christ, to every distiller, and trafficker, and user of the drunkard's poison in the land, who does not, on account of doing evil, so hate the light as to refuse to come to it, this engine of Satan he will not cease to operate, nor the citadel of Satan be demolished. Ministers may think that they could not be supported without the avails of the distillery, and the dram-shop; or the countenance of those, who furnish or support them; and churches may think that it is not ecclesiastical for them to move, or for their members to act on the subject; and both may think that others, temperance agents, or societies, will do the work, and accomplish the object without their assistance, and that they had better say nothing, and do nothing, but mourn in secret and pray; though church members continue to carry on the traffic, and cause thousands eternally to die; yet it is not so."

The holy man who drew up that admirable Report, from which we have taken this brief extract, contemplates a case, in which clergymen, for various pretences, may cast the labor of promoting the welfare of the Temperance Society upon its agents or others; but it most probably had never occurred to his mind, that a consecrated servant of the Lord—a minister of Christ—a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, would sit down deliberately, rather in the style of retained counsel than of the man of God, and exercise his brains, to make out a case against the Temperance Society; to misrepresent its motives and principles of action; and to proclaim, from the summits of the Green Mountains, that its ultimate success would be a triumph of infidelity!

It is not easy for Christians of other denominations than our own, Right Reverend Sir, to believe you serious, when you declare, that the Temperance Society is not a religious society. And, although the mass of Episcopalianism may comprehend you, even they, if we are not egregiously, are prepared to deny, that if we have spoken the words of truth and soberness. There is a measure of mystification enveloping the terms religious society and Christian society, as you employ them, in connection with your "chain of propositions," which an Episcopalian readily comprehends. This "chain of propositions," if we are not greatly mistaken, will prove to be no other than a rope of sand. We must be permitted to say, that, were it possible to prove, that the Temperance Society were not a religious society, in the strictest sense, and we contend that it is as much so, as the Bible Society or the Missionary Society, for the reasons we have offered; still the advancement of such a society would rightfully demand the cooperation of mankind, without any distinction of sex, age, creed, party or condition. If your neighbor, an infidel or an Atheist, if you please, should offer to labor with you, shoulder to shoulder, in arresting the conflagration of your dwelling, would there your Reverence put on your lawn sleeves, and cry, "Stand off, for I am holier than thou?"

May not the most pious Christians co-operate with the rankest infidels, in suppressing a rebellion? May they not assemble afterwards, if the infidels are willing, in the temples of Jehovah; and shall the Christians omit to sing *Te Deum* for their success, because the work has been partly accomplished by the hands of infidels? May not Christians and Atheists combine, with equal propriety, for the suppression of immorality, if the Atheists are willing, as for the establishment of an insurance company or a bank? If such a combination be improper, is it improper, because the Atheist contemplates the mere immorality, while the Christian looks directly at the sin in the sight of God?

In our next letter, we shall endeavor to show your Reverence, that we have endeavored to acquire a tolerably clear apprehension of those conservative principles, upon which you have constructed your lecture.

A MEMBER OF THE PROT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. GEORGE WHITEFELD.

He loved the world that hated him; the tear, That dropp'd upon his Bible, was sincere; Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife, His only answer was a blameless life. And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart, Had each a brother's interest in his heart. Paul's love of Christ and steadfast unbrib'd, Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd; He follow'd Paul, his zeal a kindred flame, His apostolic charity the same, Like him cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas, Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease; Like him he labor'd, and like him content To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went. Blush, calumny! and write upon his tomb, If honest eulogy can spare thee room. Thy deep repentance of thy thousands lies, Which, ah! not him, has pierced the offended skies, And say, blot out my sin, confess'd, deplored, Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord!—*Couper.*

A SPECIMEN OF FRENCH OPINIONS.

"Why do you (Roman Catholics) read your prayers in Latin?" said a friend of mine to a French lady; "do you understand it?"

"No, sir," said she, "it is very ridiculous that we do, but we cannot help it."

"But why persevere in a custom which you think ridiculous?"

"Ah!" said she, and a significant shrug spoke her meaning.

"Do you think the Bible enjoins all those ceremonies?"

"The Bible, sir! I don't know, I never read the Bible."

"Never read the Bible! and yet profess to be a Christian?"

"Ah! you know we are Catholics."

"But is a Catholic any thing different from a Christian?"

"Oh! I don't know, we leave all that to our priests."

"The priests, then, fill a very responsible situation."

"Ah! but this is our way, and the Catholics don't trouble themselves much about these things."

This woman is a specimen of thousands and tens of thousands in France.—*Raffle's Tour.*

Edom.—In meditating a journey through the confines of Edom, says a traveller, "I had overlooked the prophetic denunciations against any who should traverse it, so literally and wonderfully enforced to the present hour.—None shall pass through it for ever and ever.—I will cut off from Mount Seir, him that passeth out, and him that returneth." The repeated and persevering attempts of travellers to two instances. Setzen did 'pass through,' and died soon after at Aleppo; Burkhardt penetrated into it, but turned aside in dismay, and died soon after at Cairo.

"STAND BACK A LITTLE."

Said an old gentleman to a very little boy who was pressing very close to the edge of a mill race some people were digging—"stand back a little, the ground will cave in with you." He had hardly got the words through his teeth before the event anticipated occurred—the boy fell and broke his arm. The example seemed to me applicable to a great many cases of common occurrence in life.

A disposition to push forward too fast and too far has been the ruin of many a fine fellow; while an unfortunate diffidence has consigned a great many also to unmerited oblivion. There is a medium between these two extremes, a deviation from which on either side must always be followed by bad consequences.

Stand back a little, I would say to a man who is eagerly bent on acquiring popularity among men by spreading abroad his own fame, and saying those things for himself, that others should be left to say for him.—Stand back, and if you are indeed as deserving as you think yourself, others will esteem you more highly for being left to make the discoveries themselves. By mixing with an honest emulation a due proportion of modesty, you will at least reach as high a place as your merits entitle you to, and you will not run the danger of being borne down by a torrent of disgust.

Stand back a little, I would whisper to such young men as are trying to elbow themselves into offices, for which their elders in years and in services are candidates. Stand back—your time will come by and by—a deference to age is a most becoming feature in the character of the young. Stand back, it is better to wait until you are solicited to accept, than begin when you will be obliged to solicit for posts either of honor or profit. Besides very few perfectly honest office holders who depend upon their offices for a livelihood, are found to be among the "fat kine."

Stand back a little, I would say to such as I often see engaging in wild projects and extensive speculations before they have great experience and sound judgment, matured by time and opportunity. This matter of getting rich in a day is not the easy thing

some sanguine people imagine—and it is far better to go along with the world in the old beaten track, gathering sixpences, than to hazard a flight on wings which we little know how to manage rightly—and which when best managed as often retard as speed the journey of prosperous life.

Stand back a little, I would say to such tradesmen and mechanics, as are trying to push their neighbors off the course, by underbidding and low shuffling; the people will find you out, by and by, if you push forward in this way, and ten to one but in the end you will come off with your breeches in the gutter: stand back—rest upon your merit—if that won't support you, nothing else will.

In fine—it would be well for all of us to stand back a little—there would be less crowding and jostling one another—and we should all go on more safely, easily, and happily.

WM. WIRT AND POLITICS.—In the Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Rice, just issued from the press, we find a letter from the late excellent and amiable Wm. Wirt, in which he thus amusingly expresses his uneasiness for political life:—"I am sick of public life; my skin is too thin for the business; a politician should have the hide of a rhinoceros, to bear the thrusts of the folly, ignorance and meanness of those who are disposed to mount into momentary consequence by questioning their betters,—if I may be excused the expression, after professing my modesty. 'There's naught but care on every hand; all, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, save religion, friendship and literature.'

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO WHERE THERE WAS SWEARING.

In the year 1796, when the ship Duff was preparing to take out the missionaries from the London Missionary Society, Mr. Cox, one of the directors, was one day walking the street. He was there met by a very fine looking boy, about fourteen years of age, who stopping him said,—

"Pray, sir, have not you some management in the ship that is going out with the missionaries?"

"Yes, I have, my young man," replied Mr. Cox.

"I should like very well to go out with her a cabin boy."

"Would you!" said Mr. Cox; "have you any parents?"

"I have a mother," said the boy, "but no father."

"And is your mother willing you should go?"

"O yes, sir, very willing."

Mr. Cox then desired the boy to call at his house, and bring his mother along with him, that she might speak for herself.

At the time appointed, the boy and mother came, having declared her willingness that her son should go, the matter was accordingly settled. In the course of the conversation, a gentleman who was present, in order to try the boy, said to him, "So you wish to go to sea?"

"Yes, sir, in the missionary ship."

"And you can swear a good round hand, I suppose?"

Shocked at the very idea of the thing, the ingenious little fellow burst into tears and exclaimed, "If I thought there would be swearing aboard at all, I would not go."—*S. S. Treasury.*

AN ATHEIST CONVERTED

BY ONE WORD.

In a work entitled,—"Religion considered as the only basis of happiness and true philosophy," is mentioned the following incident:—

Others, after having doubted all their lives, change, in a moment, their sentiments and dispositions. I know a man of great sense and very high character, whose conversion was wrought about by a single word. He was yet in the age of the passions; he had never possessed the least principle of religion; and he prided himself upon being an atheist. One day, in the presence of an ecclesiastic, equally distinguished by his eminent virtues and talents, he affected to brave all decorum, which ought, at that instant, to have constrained him to hold his tongue at least; and after having given him a detail of his sentiments and opinions, he ironically added, that, according to every appearance, he should never be converted.

"Ah!" exclaimed the ecclesiastic, who, till then, had been silent, "if you could then but hope!" He said no more—he got up, and went out. But these words made a deep impression upon the heart of the atheist. He had no difficulty to comprehend their energetic meaning. He felt himself moved and affected. A crowd of new reflections presented themselves to his mind; he longed to see and converse with the man who had produced in him so strange a revolution. The next day, he even went in search of him; he opened to him his heart, asked his advice, hearkened to him with attention, with eagerness; and from that moment renounced, forever, the vain sophisms of false philosophy. Such is the power of grace: it can produce, in a moment, the most surprising metamorphosis, and its effects ever confound the incredulous observer, who shall be acquainted with the human heart.

SPLENDID DESCRIPTION OF THE ALPS.

Much as we talk of nature, there are places where we feel that our previous conceptions have been dim and narrow. He who crosses the Alps will experience this sensation, mingled with a certainty, that thousands of painters and poets, and millions of others, live and die without even suspecting the power of scenery over the mind. Our journey across the Spögen was, to us, a day memorable forever. Our recollections are of grandeur—gloomy vastness, awful solitude, eternal sublimity. There were moments, during the ascent, of a kind strange and new to me. Whoever seeks "something new under the sun," if he has a devil in a plain, let him ascend a veritable mountain, and he will find it. Awe, amazement, gloom, wonder, and rapture, during which you cannot smile, combine to elevate you. The road winds up—and up—and up—a mad stream, white

with foam, thundering all day by its side—amid slopes and cliffs, forests and vales—then a plain and a poor hut, or a ragged town and some beggars. You pause and rest; and then, again, up and up—winding and turning—sometimes through tremendous ravines—sometimes by magnificent water-falls—sometimes along giddy and yawning gulphs—yet still, always up and up.

Then the face of the earth changes, and the grass fades nearly away, and the naked, everlasting rocks, lift their gray backs through the soil. The tempests of six thousand years have beaten against them. Now, the road steals through a desert of endless stones, broken and scattered about—now through a long dark gallery, wet and dripping—now at the brink of a tremendous precipice, which your imagination would receive as the summit of any mountain, but anon, the toiling, panting, sweating horses drag you round an angle of rock; and, lo! above you, overlooking other cliffs and other mountains in the sky; piles, swells, and pyramids of snow and ice; and so near their awful heights as to startle you, the white line runs yet higher and higher, and you believe not that it is your path, still, so far above you—and yet it is.

The earth is now totally changed, and the temperature and the atmosphere, and heavens are changed. You wrap your heavy cloak around you in the biting cold. Dark clouds are rolling, heavily, over your path, and the white snow shines beneath you, and the winter wind shakes, violently, the closed glasses of your carriage; and as the road, still mounting and bending up, turns your face now to the right—now to the left—you catch, far below, such awful gleamings of sublime scenery—such dim, wild depths of azure—such forms of cold blue, lifted and built up around you in the eternal silence, and shrouded in the mist and storm, that your very soul is hushed and chilled, and you feel as if death, the king of terrors, had here fixed his home; and were a spectre to stand in your path, or to lean and beckon to you from his car of rolling mist, you would behold him without starting, for your imagination can scarcely be more excited. A cataract, which, on the plain, would draw all Europe to it as a fashionable resort, is here no curiosity. Its lonely thunder swells and dies away in its interminable solitude. Twenty times we thought ourselves at the height of this stupendous road, and yet its zig-zag course appeared ever mounting before us, and up and up, till the cold grew extreme, and the darkness of night overtook us; and we were completely lost, and enveloped in heavy, wet clouds, rolling around like a mighty ocean.—*Fay's Sketches in the N. Y. Mirror.*

PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. JEMANS.

"Passing away," is written on the world, and all the world contains.

It is written on the rose,

In its glory's full array;

Read what those buds disclose—

"Passing away."

It is written on the skies

Of the soft blue summer day;

It is traced in sunset's eyes—

POVERTY IS NO DISGRACE.

Not many years since, we rambled a short distance from the more compact and thickly settled part of the town, both for exercise and to breathe a purer air than can be found amidst a dense population. We saw, by the way-side, a little urchin, apparently about six or eight years old, busily engaged in picking barberries. His clothes were neat and clean, but patched with many colors. His countenance open, frank, and the emblem of innocence. We stopped a moment to look at, and admire the apparent contentment and industry of the little fellow, and, while so stopping, a very respectable and fine looking middle-aged lady, with a head of about ten years, came up, who, like herself, were walking to take the morning air. On seeing the little fellow, among the barberry bushes, the lady of ten, with finer clothes, but a coarser heart, abruptly accosted him with—"I say, boy, what do you wear your clothes patched up so for?" With a countenance that bespoke his wounded feelings, he readily replied—"I have no father; my mother is poor, with four smaller children than I am, and not able to give me better clothes. I work in the factory most of the time, but the water is low, and I have not work to-day, so I am picking barberries for my mother to buy me a new jacket whif." A tear coursed down the cheek of the lady, who was not an inattentive spectator of the scene. "George, my son," said she, "it is kind in you thus to address this poor boy, who is not, as you are, decked with an indulgent father to provide him with food and clothes?" The kind-hearted woman had touched a tender cord, for George was not destitute of tenderness and many feelings. He burst into tears, and entreated his mother to give the poor boy some of his clothes. The barberries were immediately purchased of the little fellow, for which he received enough to buy him a jacket and trousers. Nor did the kind-hearted mother of George confine her liberality to the boy with his barberries. The poor boy's mother has, since, shared liberally of her munificence, which she ever receives with the utmost gratitude.—*Full River Monitor.*

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

THE DOOR LATCH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.
"Go back and shut that door!" roared I, in a voice of thunder.
"How can you, my dear," said Julia, with a supplicating glance, "speak so very loud, when I have just told you, that my head is bursting with pain."
"Because," said I, "I can bear it no longer. It is now ten years since we moved into this room, and ten times every day, have I been compelled to get up and shut that door after one and another. I have talked—and talked—but it is all of no use; the door still stands wide open, and I cannot bear it. No! and I won't bear it any longer. I'll sell the house sooner than endure it another week."
Her tiny white hand was pressed against her throbbing forehead, as I finished the sentence with a glance at her unendurable sternness, and the mild look of patient suffering and imploring submission with which she returned my angry frown—it cut me to the heart! I could read my own death warrant at this very hour with less pain than I felt at that moment, as she raised her blue eyes, glistening with suppressed tears, and with all the innocence and affection of an expiring saint, begged me, in the silent eloquence of nature, to spare her whom I had promised to "chase and to love."
"I never have seen you troubled," said she, (uncomplaining spirit!) there was no complaint—no! not the least, on the word troubled! "I have never seen you troubled at any thing except that door—and gladly would I remedy it, but you know I cannot. Were a very little filed from the inside of the latch, it would shut without difficulty. The trial required philosophy for its support, and the exercise of philosophy was a gratification to pride. But, a door-latch! what occasion could that give for philosophy? None; and therefore I felt it call me to the quick! It was, as I observed, so easy to shut it, with a little care—such a little thing, if only attended to. "True!" whispered Philosophy in my ear, "but such a 'little thing' to get angry about! such a 'little thing' to make you miserable, for an hour, every day! for shame Mr. Ploughman!" To tell the truth, I began to feel a little ashamed when I recollected how much unhappiness it had caused, not only myself, but, through me, my dear wife.
"I declare, my dear!" said I, "that if that door-latch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved, each of us, one year of pain before this time!"
Thomas had brought in a file before my speech was finished, and, in a few moments, the door shut as easily and firmly as ever door did. I swung it a few times on the hinges with an air of triumph, and I verily believe that the work that single moment cost more happiness on Julia, as well as myself, than all the blood-thought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.
"That root of bitterness," said I, "is removed at last, and I can only wonder at my own stupidity in not thinking of the simple remedy before—but Heaven, forgive me! I had entirely forgotten your head-ach: the sound of that file must have been torture to you!"
She smiled sweetly, as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring, although her forehead burnt, and the blood was raging through her veins, that it was "quite cured, since the door shut so easily!" Uncomplaining, devoted, self-sacrificing treasure of my heart! how could I do less than clasp her to my bosom, and swear to her, as I did, with tears, and pray—while I kissed away the tear from her eye—that my own cruel thoughtlessness might never fill its place with another?
Such pleasure was too rare and valuable to be interrupted at the moment of its birth—so I took my arm-chair from the corner, and, sitting down at the side of Julia, who, while she held my hand, looked me in the face with very much of that expression of innocent delight, which so rarely survives childhood, I pursued my cogitations somewhat in the following order. "Life is made up of moments. Our happiness or unhappiness during any one of these moments depends, almost invariably, upon the mere trifles. If these momentary trifles are in the scale of happiness, life is happy. Take care, then, of trifles, and great events will take care of themselves. (Somewhere, about here, I began to think aloud.) I lost a grandfather—an amiable, excellent, and most affectionate grandfather—and my grief was great. Nevertheless, I do believe that if the hard-bottomed chair, [N. B. It was of white oak], in which I have sat for the last eight—yes! nine years—if this chair had but been well covered with a good, soft sheep-skin, that sheepskin, purchased at the cost of ninepence, would have saved me from a greater grief, than the death of my grandfather!"
"It is a mortifying reflection," said Julia, interrupting my soliloquy, "and one which, at first thought, would seem to speak little for your heart—yet a true one, perhaps; and yet not more true with you than many others."
"And still," said I, "I am without the sheep-skin. Why? Because the pain endured, in a single moment, is so trifling, that if we do not take the trouble to add all the moments together, and look at the pain in the aggregate, one would hardly turn his hand upside down to be freed from it."
"But why not purchase the sheep-skin, now that you have added the moments together?" said she.
"After all my reflection, I should never have thought

of that but for you. But, a sheep-skin—it will never do! A green velvet cushion may answer, instead; and, as the old one in your rocking-chair seems to be somewhat worn, I must even buy another for you."
"Oh! green velvet by all means!" said she. "It will correspond so well with the carpet and the new health-rug, which you promised me a month since. That was to have green for its border, you know."
I could not withstand the hint, and brought in the rug, with the cushions, that evening; and, to one who has ever seen my wife, I need not say, that the smile that lit up her face, and beamed from her eye, was worth the price of a thousand.

O'CONNELL'S WIFE.—With all that is alleged against the agitator, it seems that he possesses, in an eminent degree, the finer feelings of the heart. On his wife being teased, at a dinner given to him at Newcastle, he made the following feeling response:—
"There are some topics of so sacred and sweet a nature, that they may be comprehended by those who are happy, but cannot possibly be described by any human being. All that I shall do, is, to thank you in the name of her who was the disinterested choice of my early youth; who was the ever cheerful companion of my manly years; and who is the sweetest solace of that 'sore and yellow leaf' age, at which I have arrived. In her name, I thank you; and this you may readily believe like experience, I think, will show to us all, that no man can battle and struggle with the malignant enemies of his country, unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable—unless the honey of human life is commanded by a hand that he loves."

THE ADAMANTINE SLAVERY OF ENGLAND.

FROM BROOKS LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.
Bearing these facts in mind, an American, when he lands upon the English coast, will move along very harmoniously. He must expect to endure perpetual vexations unless he lays in a large stock of good temper,—and if he is wise he will attempt no reforms, but give in cheerfully to all the customs he finds.—The fact is, the servants have no other way of living, and they ought to plunder. They are very excusable. A porter as he calls himself, brings a portmanteau down stairs, and tips his hat, and cries—"don't forget the porter, sir,"—and another hands it up two feet to the Guard of the coach—(a most useless animal with two legs, in a red coat, that the English perch up in the back seat of their coaches, and make their horses haul)—and then this second porter repeats the cry of "don't forget the porter, sir,"—to which, if you demand, he adds, "this is the way I get my living, sir." Waiters, one certainly, two or three perhaps, rush to the door as the coach prepares to go away, and these must be settled with; and then there is the chambermaid, and a humble personage who calls himself "the boots," which in American English means the boot-blacker. When you change the coachman, which is twice or thrice a twenty-four hours, he expects his fee and takes it, beginning with good for nothing animal called the Guard, asking for his fee. Wherever you eat, the waiter is to be paid; and to such an extent is this carried, that my hand almost involuntarily rushes into my pocket whenever one even casts his eyes towards me. I have heard a good story of an American, who, when he first landed, after a summer or two from some of the servants, he asked all together and ranged them, beginning with the chambermaid; then parading the waiter, the boots, the porters, and the ostler in a regular platoon, as they all claimed pay for something, he gave them a hearty cursing for their impudence, and then departed—much to their astonishment, of course. This custom of flogging prevails wherever you go, whether you are on land or water. Where there are no porters, as on the coast, the porterage is taken by the places. As the masters plunder the servants out of their wages, or what is worse, make the servant, as they often do, buy his place, the servant must necessarily plunder whosoever he can. Whenever you reconstrue the answer is, "we have no wages."—Indeed, no one can calculate on his expenditures or his bargains. If he enters a coach, he begins with many there are to be about it; or, if he enters a boat, even if the bargain is made, he knows not how much it will cost him when he escapes.
I would not utter one word against the politeness, the civility which is due from the employed to the employer, and so reciprocally—but if there is any thing revolting it is the ever thickly-showered and unending "thank-ees," the "please-ees," and the "kind-nesses" that the Englishman headdresses you with, when you have paid him for what he ought to be paid. The master of a Hotel in Edinburgh bowed us to death almost when we left him. Now one or two bows are civil enough when one man leaves another; but if there is an object over-reckless in my eye, it is that of a man making such gyrations, automaton-like. So it is every where; the tediousness, the servility, the "kindness" and "thank-ees." For the time being he considers himself your slave, and acts accordingly; and his English employer looks upon him as his property, at least till the job is done.

The British Association of Sciences have applied to government to send out an expedition to the Antarctic regions, for the purpose of discovering the southern magnetic pole.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

The following beautiful passage is from the sermon preached by Bishop Heber to his parishioners, a short time before his departure for India, in 1825.
"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the pleasures around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty."
Our course is your and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us, we are excited by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are left behind us, we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home: all the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and inhospitable shores, and of our further voyage there is no witness, but the Infinite and Eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which does so easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfarers, persons on whom there is no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ and the interest which we have obtained to his mercies.

AN HONORABLE REWARD FOR A CUP OF COLD WATER.

Mark ix. 41.—For whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.
When Agrippa was in a private station, he was accused by one of his servants of having spoken injuriously of Theodorus, and was condemned by the emperor to be exposed in chains before the police gate. The weather was very hot, and Agrippa became ex-

cessively thirsty. Seeing Theodorus, a servant of Caligula, pass by with a pitcher of water, he called to him and entreated leave to drink. The servant presented the pitcher with much courtesy; and Agrippa having allayed his thirst, said to him—"Assure thyself, Theodorus, that if I get out of this captivity, I will pay thee three drachms of gold." Theodorus, thus dying, his successor, Caligula, soon after, not only set Agrippa at liberty, but made him king of Judea. In this high situation, Agrippa was not unmindful of the glass of water given to him when a captive. He immediately sent for Theodorus, and made him controller of his household.—*Pleasing Expositor.*

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1835.

MEETING OF THE LADIES.

The ladies of our several congregations met on Wednesday afternoon, pursuant to the call, in the vestry of Bromfield street Church.

Rev. D. FILLMORE presided, and opened the meeting with prayer.

Rev. J. HAMILTON reads extracts of letters from the Rocky Mountains, which were accompanied by interesting remarks from himself, Rev. D. FILLMORE, and Rev. A. STEVENS.

The following resolutions were then adopted:

Resolved, That in view of the destitute and suffering condition of the Flatland Indians, as described by brothers Lee and Shepard, and their pathetic call for help, it is our duty, as members of the Christian community, to do something to meet these wants, and answer this call.

Resolved, That we now open a subscription among those present, for the purpose of obtaining a box of clothing and books for this mission.

Resolved, That a committee of eighteen, six from each of the three Methodist churches, be appointed, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions and receiving donations from all the ladies in each of the congregations, who may be disposed to aid this benevolent object; and that the said committee be authorized to call another meeting at such time as they may think proper, to report their success to the meeting, and see what further measures should be adopted for purchasing clothing and books.

The committee were then appointed.

One resolution says, "a box of clothing." We doubt not the ladies will either send a monster of a box, or several smaller ones. It is in their power to raise enough to make the hearts of all the tribe leap for joy.

Another resolution defines the duty of the committee to be, to write "on the ladies." We would suggest that though the letter may be violated, the spirit would not be, if they call upon the sympathies of the gentlemen. At any rate, we pledge our word that if they will report at the next meeting \$200 from the gentlemen, they shall never be complained of.

After the above resolutions were adopted, the following was passed:

Resolved, That the pastors of the several Methodist churches be requested to present this subject, on the ensuing Sabbath, to their several congregations, and read extracts from the letters of the missionaries.

The following are depts for the reception of donations: Bromfield Street Church, Mr. Thomas Patten's. Bennett " " Mr. A. H. Brown's. Church " " Mr. Winsor's.

N. B. We hope the ladies in the interior will not allow this example to pass unnoticed.

The Genesee Conference have resolved "that it is the sense of this Conference, that the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, is the only safe preventive against the spread of infemperance."

The cause is progressing. We soon shall have this banner waving over every temperance society. It is a fact, that under the present organization, a member of a temperance association may be intoxicated every day; and it would be unconstitutional to turn him out—provided he made himself drunk legitimately.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC, just out, is a very valuable document.

GEORGE THOMPSON, the Anti-Slavery lecturer, has, after being shipped off by a dozen papers, actually gone to England. He will remain there until after the anniversary in May. His family have gone, or will soon go, to New York, and from thence to Liverpool.

Three weeks of the period that the hue and cry for his blood was raised by the miserable creatures of passion, he was in this city and vicinity.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

At the Annual Meeting of the Young Men's Methodist Foreign Missionary Society of New England, held on Wednesday evening last, in the vestry of the Bromfield street Church, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

ASA B. SNOW, President.
BENJ. KINGSBURY, Jr., Vice President.
WILLIAM C. BROWN, Jr., Sec. Secretary.
BENJ. H. BARNES, Rec. Secretary.
TRUMAN R. HAWLEY, Treasurer.
JACOB SLEEPER, DANIEL ELA, NOAH K. SKINNER, WILLIAM M. TRUE, THOMAS PATTEN, JR., NOAH PERCIVAL, ALBERT H. BROWN, LUTHER TOWN, Managers.

This Society has been comparatively, and necessarily, inactive, the past year. The next, however, will be one of far reaching effort—that will require more than ordinary pecuniary aid. Now is the time for every Auxiliary to be "wide awake."

THE MEASLES.

This disorder is extensively prevalent in this city and its vicinity. Deaths are very frequent, thus proving its peculiar malignity. Parents should, now, be extremely cautious. The symptoms of the approach of the disease are hoarseness, a dullness of the eyes, and frequently petulance.

The Medical Journal, of this city, has some sound remarks upon the subject. They are from the pen of its able editor, Dr. Smith:—

There has been an unusual number of cases of this disease, of late, in this city. Although commonly regarded in the light of a very simple and easily managed complaint, the bills of mortality exhibit a degree of fatality, which could hardly have been anticipated. We are at a loss, whether the measles is actually epidemic, or not. It is every where; the true condition of the atmosphere favorable to its development.

Thus far the autumnal weather, this season, has been almost unparalleled: a serene sky, and a genial sun, have modified the temperature of the air, and produced the mild influences of summer. But would this be sufficient, either to generate or increase the malady? The catarrhal affection accompanying, and in fact now characterizing, in a particular manner, the measles in this vicinity, constitutes its worst feature, and accounts, in some degree, for the unsuccessful efforts of the physician in subduing its unhappy progress, when once introduced into families, where there are many small children.

From the circumstance, that most mothers feel competent to prescribe for the class of patients who are, ordinarily, the subjects of measles, vast injury is done in the very beginning, by deranging the system, and rendering it, at least, vexatious for the physician, who is sometimes never called till it is altogether too late to prescribe with any hope of success.

It is worth remembering, that those who have uniformly succeeded best in their therapeutic course, have given the least medicine. Mild cathartics, preceded by an active emetic, invariably induced an irritable stomach, and, if the diet was not carefully regulated, the patient comes troublesome, nothing is easier than to meet it with

demulcents. The simpler the treatment, the better. When a great variety of specifics have been administered, the pyretic action is sensibly increased; and, in laboring to subdue one order of symptoms, another gains ascendancy, and death results from causes wholly unsuspected. Measles belongs to the catalogue of self-limited ills; it can neither be hurried onward, to a crisis, or sensibly diminished in force.

There is one grand mistake, which young practitioners are exceedingly prone to make, in relation to the diseases of childhood. This is a fault, however, quite readily overcome, having its origin in a strong desire to be efficient and prompt in affording relief to those who have placed confidence in their professional attainments. It is to be almost unnecessary to advert to the mistake of changing the prescriptions too often—in a word, overdoing. "Slow and sure," is a caution, that may be treasured up with advantage by them.

Before leaving the subject, however, we cannot refrain from expressing an opinion, that one-third of the deaths reported to have been caused by measles, in the course of a few past weeks, were but remotely connected with that affection. In repeated instances, where death has resulted from inflammation of the mucous membrane, and the lungs were extensively diseased, common report has promulgated the story, that measles was the immediate cause of death, when, in fact, it had no influence in the destruction of life. After an examination of the subject, we are fully persuaded in the first place, that catarrhs of the rubella does not prevail so extensively as some have been led to suspect. Secondly, in those families where it has been proclaimed to have been alarmingly fatal, there unquestionably a defect in the mode of nursing throughout. The commencement was marked by injudiciousness on the part of parents, who sought assistance when it could be of little avail.

We have just received, by the politeness of Rev. D. Patten, Jr., a Catalogue of the Wilbraham Academy, for the winter term. The number of students is 351—a fair proof of its popularity.

The Term commences the first Wednesday in December.

PROGRESS OF THE LANGUAGE.

The following will show the gibberish in which our forefathers once talked.

For the purpose of presenting in one view the changes which our language has undergone, we select the Lord's prayer as an example. The following version is *Danish Saxon* of about the year 875, and is ascribed to King Alfred.

Fadre ure, thu the earth on Heofenum,
Si thin Nana gehalgod;
To be cum thin Ric;
Gewurthe thin Wille on Eorthen swa swa on Heofum;
Urne gedaghwanelic Hlaf syle us to dag;
And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath uum Gyltendum;
And ne geladde thu us on Costung;
Ac alyce us of Yle.

II. *DANISH-SAXON OF ABOUT 900.*
Fadersure, thu the in Heofenum,
Be gehalgod thin Noma;
Cum to thin Ric;
Weorthe thin Wille swa swa on Heofune swile on Eorthe;
Hlaf ure daghwamlice sel us so Dag;
And forlæte ure scyldes, swa swa we ec forlæten tham; Cum to thin Ric;
And ne gelat us geleade in Costungu;
Ac gelesce us of Yle.

III. *BY POPE ADRIAN IN RHYME, ABOUT 1156.*
Yre Fadre in Heaveneich,
Thy Name be halyed ever lich;
Thow bring us thy michel Blisse;
Als hit in Heavne y-do,
Ever in Yearth ben it also;
Thou holy Bread that lasteth ay
Thou sent us this ilke Day;
Thow bring us thy michel Blisse;
Als hit in Heavne y-do,
Ever in Yearth ben it also;
Thou holy Bread that lasteth ay
Thou sent us this ilke Day;
Thow bring us thy michel Blisse;
Als hit in Heavne y-do,
Ever in Yearth ben it also;

IV. *ENGLISH OF THE 13TH CENTURY.*
Oure Fader that art in Hevene,
Hallowed be thi Name;
Thy Kingdom come;
To be thi Wille do in Hevene and in Erthe;
Gif to us this Day our Brede over other Substance;
And forgyve to us our Dettis, as forgyven to ure Detours;
And lede us not into Temptation;
But delivre us fro Yvel. Amen, that is so be it.

V. *ENGLISH OF 1370—From Wickliff's translation.*
Our Fader, that art in Hevenes,
Hallowed be thy Name;
Thy Kingdom come to us;
Be thy Wille done in Erthe as in Hevene;
Geve to us this Day our Brede over other Substance;
And forgyve to us our Dettis, as we forgyven to ure Detours;
And lede us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Evyl. Amen.

VI. *ENGLISH OF 1430.*
Our Fader, that art in Hevenes,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy Kingdom come to us;
Be thy Wille don in Erthe as in Hevene;
Give to us this Day our Brede over other Substance,
And forgyve to us our Detis, as we forgyven ure Detours;
And lede us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Evyl. Amen.

VII. *ENGLISH OF 1526—From Tindal's translation.*
Our Father which art in Heven,
Hallowed be thy Name;
Let thy Kingdom come;
Thy Will be fulfilled as well in Earth, as it is in Heven;
Geve us this Daye our dayly Bread;
And forgyve us our Detis, as we forgyven ure Detours;
And leade us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Evyll.
For thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glorye for ever.

LOVE.

"Brother, if an untutored Indian, fresh and green from the forest should come to you, and ask a definition of pure Religion—a definition unshackled with the technicalities of the schools—what answer would you give?"

"I should tell him it was Love! Every man—he be Methodist, Calvinist, Episcopalian, or Roman Catholic—who possesses that, in its expansive sense, will rest in Heaven."

This was the substance of a conversation we had with one of our "reverend seignors." But our thoughts did not wind up at the close of the dialogue. We fell into a reverie.

How simple and true the definition, thought we. Religion is a common sense operation of the mind. It is not the school of the bigot—or the fasting, and long and loud prayers of the pharisee—or the self-righteousness of the hypocrite—or the sombre cloud of the heretic's countenance—or the counting of beads, and repeating ac-marias.—No. It is Love!

Religion does not develop itself in fits of rapture—or fits of melancholy—or judging one another. It shows itself rather in comforting those who mourn, in doing good to the needy, and in walking quietly through the rough path-way of the world.

The congregation at Church street have been frequently disturbed by a rude club of large boys; some who are just having beads appear, would, doubtless, call themselves young gentlemen. The annoyance has at last caused two of the boys to turn short corners, and show their order-loving countenances on the wrong side of the Police Court. The Post reports the result. We wonder why their mammas do not keep them at home.

Children should be held in leading strings, at least, until twenty-five years of age, as they most evidently cannot take care of themselves.

Two young men named Henry McDonald and Robert Johnson, were brought up for disorderly behaviour in the Methodist Chapel in Church street, on Sunday evening. It appeared in evidence, that a graceless set of reprobates

had long been in the habit of annoying the society during their evening meetings by loud talking, laughing, and even knocking the lamps out of their sockets. On Sunday night, five individuals of this character took possession of a pew, and demeaned themselves very indecorously, by laughing, and commenting aloud upon, and criticising the religious services. They persisted in this outrage, though frequently remonstrated with by the sexton, in whose hat one of them attempted to squirt tobacco juice. The only defence offered by the prisoners was, that they were not sent there to keep away from the like places." The prisoners, also, were considerably chafed by the result of the trial, and one of them, while retiring from the Court, turned half round, and addressing the Judge, said, ironically—"Good bye, and success to ye."

"YOU'LL RUIN THE COUNTRY."

How?
"Why, by sending so much money out of the nation, to support missionaries."

So we are told, repeatedly, by the patriotic theatre-goers. But do they not know that six times as much they pay yearly to foreign actors? Mademoiselle Celeste has within one year received the following sums:

New York,	\$22,500
Boston,	13,500
Philadelphia,	8,500
Baltimore,	3,500
Montreal,	1,000
Quebec,	800
Albany,	130
Total,	\$50,000

She proceeds in a few days to New Orleans and Mobile, where she receives for six weeks, \$9,000.
Thus much for the honesty of the boisterous outcry!

PRIESTLY CORRUPTION.

The "Spirit of '76," published in New York, gives the following astounding fact. We doubt not its truth, horrible as it is. What a mass of loathsome putrefaction is the Holy Mother Church—full of dead men's bones! Upon its walls are inscribed in blood-red characters—*MURDER! ROBBERY! PERVERSION!*
Yet it still lives—y, and fattens upon its enormous crimes. Its eyes stand out with fatness, while its tongue moves heavily as it blasphemes.

The convent in Montreal could, if walls could speak, unfold a tale of licentiousness and crime, which would astonish the most depraved. As we happen to know something about the affair, we will give a short history of the internal acts of that house.

A few months since, one of the nuns of that concern left, was married, and came to this city. Here her husband deserted her, and she was left penniless; she made application to the commissioners of the Almshouse, where she was residing. In a short time after, she was taken sick, and fearing that her end was approaching, made some appalling disclosures. She stated that a majority of the inmates of that pandemonium of vice, were, at the time she left, in a state of pregnancy; that many children had been born within the walls, who were invariably destroyed in their birth, and thrown into a cavity within the convent walls, in which quicklime was placed, in order that their bodies might be consumed; she said also, that she herself had in several instances aided in thus destroying the children, and in one case had assisted in the murder of one of the nuns, who was suspected of an intention of disclosing the secrets of the Convent. The murder was effected by placing the victim between two feather beds.

These facts can be substantiated, and we believe they afford a fair sample of the interior of convents, and the licentiousness of Catholic priests.

AN AGE OF REVOLUTION.

The present is a period such as the world never saw before. Errors, which have existed so long as to be objects of veneration for their hoary-headed antiquity, are now branded with contempt, and hurled from their high places, as they should be. The line of demarcation between TRUTH and FALSEHOOD is being drawn distinctly, and many a growing hypocrite, endeavoring to sustain his position on both sides, finds himself compelled, though sulkily, to lock arms with the enemy. This is right. Let us know who are for principle—who for selfish expediency—who for deified falsehoods—who for moss-covered truths.

The man who is on the side of right, need not fear the result of the present convulsions. They will terminate by crowning the uncompromising, Heaven-avenging, world-loving doctrines of the Bible, with laurels of victory.

[From a Western Correspondent.]

A VIEW FROM THE WEST.

DEAR BROTHER—A friend of yours suggested to me, that a few lines from the far West, to give you one glimpse of veneration for their hoary-headed antiquity, are now branded with contempt, and hurled from their high places, as they should be. The line of demarcation between TRUTH and FALSEHOOD is being drawn distinctly, and many a growing hypocrite, endeavoring to sustain his position on both sides, finds himself compelled, though sulkily, to lock arms with the enemy. This is right. Let us know who are for principle—who for selfish expediency—who for deified falsehoods—who for moss-covered truths.

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[From a Western Correspondent.]

A VIEW FROM THE WEST.

DEAR BROTHER—A friend of yours suggested to me, that a few lines from the far West, to give you one glimpse of veneration for their hoary-headed antiquity, are now branded with contempt, and hurled from their high places, as they should be. The line of demarcation between TRUTH and FALSEHOOD is being drawn distinctly, and many a growing hypocrite, endeavoring to sustain his position on both sides, finds himself compelled, though sulkily, to lock arms with the enemy. This is right. Let us know who are for principle—who for selfish expediency—who for deified falsehoods—who for moss-covered truths.

The man who is on the side of right, need not fear the result of the present convulsions. They will terminate by crowning the uncompromising, Heaven-avenging, world-loving doctrines of the Bible, with laurels of victory.

The man who is on the side of right, need not fear the result of the present convulsions. They will terminate by crowning the uncompromising, Heaven-avenging, world-loving doctrines of the Bible, with laurels of victory.

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The man who is on the side of right, need not fear the result of the present convulsions. They will terminate by crowning the uncompromising

Poetry.

THE SILK-WORM'S WILL.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"On a plain rush hurdle a silk-worm lay,
When a proud young princess came that way;
The haughty child of a human king
Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing.
That took with a silent gratitude
From the mulberry-leaf her simple food—
And shrunk, half scorn and half disgust,
Away from her sister child of dust;
Declaring she never yet could see
Why a reptile form like this should be,
And that she was not made with nerves so firm,
As calmly to stand by a "crawling worm!"

With mute forbearance the silk-worm took
The taunting words and the spurning look;
Alike a stranger to self and pride,
She'd no disquiet from aught beside,
And lived of a meekness and peace possessed,
Which these dear from the human breast,
She only wished, for the harsh abuse,
To find some way to become of use
To the haughty daughter of lordly man,
And thus did she lay a noble plan,
To teach her wisdom, and make it plain
That the humble worm was not made in vain;
A plan so generous, deep and high,
That to carry it out she must even die!

"No more," said she, "will I drink or eat!
I'll spin and weave me a winding sheet,
To wrap me from the sun's clear light,
And hide my form from her wounded sight.
In secret then till my end draws nigh,
I'll toil for her; and when I die,
I'll leave behind, as a farewell boon,
To the proud young princess, my whole cocoon,
To be reeled and wove to a shining lace,
And hung in a veil o'er her scornful face!
And when she can calmly draw her breath,
Through the very threads that have caused my death,
When she finds, at length, she has nerves so firm
As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm,
May she hear in mind, that she walks with pride
In the winding-sheet where the silk-worm died!"

[From the Knickerbocker.]

SONG OF THE WINDS.

Our pinions drop with weariness,
For thrice the globe we've spanned;
We've swept the ice-plain's dreariness,
And pined the desert's sand,
Since last, sweet flowers, we rested on
Your leaves of radiant hue,
And drank from your rich nectar-cups
The strength-renewing dew.

We've bowed with mighty hurricanes
The forest's lofty pride;
O'er ocean's winged leviathans
We've poured its scorching tide:
And now we come like conquerors
From scenes of death and doom,
Oppressed with toil, and languishing
For beauty and perfume.

The garden's painted wanderers
Flirt over you in swarms;
The bees, those chartered plunderers,
Are feasting on your charms;
But we're no gaudy parasites,
We wear no hidden sting;
The fragrance they but rob you of,
Our cooling kisses bring.

When shadeless noon distresses you,
We'll hover gently round;
We'll dry the dew that presses you
At morning to the ground;
We'll throw aside incandescence,
Enchained forever dwell,
And in love's softest whispering
Our changeless passion tell.

Miscellaneous.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:

BROTHER KINGSBURY—The Christian Advocate and Journal, of the 13th instant, contains, among other resolutions passed at the last Holston Conference, the following:—

Resolved, That we cordially disapprove the principles held by Abolitionists.

I cannot resist the conviction, that the members of the Conference are unacquainted with the principles, which, in this resolve, they disown. I do think, and have thought, for some time, that the acrimonious feelings manifested at the south, towards the Abolitionists, result principally from a misconception of their principles.

The above resolution furnishes new evidence, that this is the fact. I cannot persuade myself, that the members of the Holston Conference, or any other southern Conference, after stating that, "in the language of our excellent Discipline, we declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery," with a knowledge of the real principles of the Abolitionists, would ever pass such a resolution.

And how have they, thus been deceived? It is plain. There are those at the north, both in church and state, who desire the patronage of the south, and who, to secure their object, have misrepresented the principles of the Abolitionists. They have carried on a system of sycophancy, in which they have traduced their brethren at the north, and practised a most mischievous imposition on their brethren at the south.

Let us look at the principles, which are essential to Abolitionism, and see if the members of the Holston Conference are prepared to say, that they disown them.

The Abolitionists believe, that "slavery is a very great" moral "evil." I have taken the liberty to add the word moral, as I suppose our Discipline has nothing to do with natural or political evils.

They believe, that a moral evil is sin.

They believe, that all sin should be immediately repented of, and abandoned.

These three articles embrace the substance of the Abolition creed. Will the members of the Holston Conference say, that they "cordially disapprove these principles?" The first they have already acknowledged, to all intents and purposes, in the preamble to their resolutions. The second is a truism, disputed by nobody. The third is clearly taught in the word of God. "God now commandeth all men, every where, to repent." Acts xvii. 30. "While it is said,—To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Heb. iii. 15. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Prov. xxvii. 1. The duty of immediate repentance is a general rule, without exceptions; and there is no genuine repentance, without an abandonment of the sin repented of. Here we have the sum total of all that is essential to Abolitionism.

If some of its advocates have imprudently uttered things, not embraced by these principles, the fault does not belong to Abolitionism or the abolitionists. They, alone, must answer for their imprudences. For holding and propagating the above principles, some of the purest and most intelligent Christians, in New England, are denounced as incendiaries and fanatics. Will God suffer their guilty traducers to go unpunished? Will God suffer our southern brethren to be thus imposed upon, and kept in a state of desperation? Not unless he has ceased to be just! "He will avenge his own, who cry unto him, day and night." Although a strenuous effort is made to prevent the Abolitionists from speaking to their southern brethren, through the press, or otherwise, the way must, sooner or later, be opened, when a mutual interchange of views will remove all misapprehensions, and bring about a harmony of feeling, if not of opinion, and the "counsel of the Egyptians will be destroyed." P. CRANDALL.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

UNIVERSALISM CONTRADICTS THE BIBLE.

MR. EDITOR—I wish, through the columns of the Herald, to point out a few instances in which the truth of the above caption is demonstrated. Universalism, as a system, is fraught with the most dangerous errors; and, at the present time, it is exerting a deleterious influence on the views and morals of the community.

This being the case, all that can be done should be done to tear off the religious mask, and exhibit the naked deformity and ugliness of this Anti-Christian monster. That I may lend a helping hand in this important work, I propose to show, in the following particulars, that Universalism contradicts the Bible.

1. The Bible teaches, that Jesus Christ is the eternal God. The Saviour is called by the evangelical prophet, "Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Similar to this, is the language of the apostle. "Who is over all God blessed forever." "We trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men." "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father."

These are but a few of the numerous texts that might be quoted, to prove the Supreme Divinity of the Saviour; but they are sufficient for the present purpose. Let it be remembered, however, that Universalism denies, in toto, this fundamental doctrine; and that Universalists are untrue, in their efforts, to banish it from the records of Christianity.

2. The Bible teaches the doctrine of the New Birth. "Verily, verily I say unto thee, that, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." It is well known by all, who are acquainted with the subject, that the legitimate doctrine of the above texts, has no place in the system of Ultra-Universalism.

3. The Bible teaches the doctrine of a Future Judgment. "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." "Because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness." "And the angels, which kept their first estate, but left their own habitations, he hath reserved in chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day."

The most obvious and solemn doctrine taught, in the Scriptures, is entirely discarded by the advocates of Universalism. Not only so, but they unblushingly pronounce it a libel on Christianity.

4. The Bible teaches the doctrine of Future Punishment. By future punishment is meant an endless hell prepared, originally, for the Devil and his angels, but in which all incorrigible sinners will receive the reward of their doings. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." "Ye shall die in your sins, and whither I go ye cannot come." "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power." "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up, forever and ever." "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Ultra-Universalism, however, denies all punishment in the future world. Does not this system, then, most evidently contradict the Bible? And can that system of doctrine, which is in direct opposition to the revealed will of Heaven, be founded on gospel truth? By no means.

J. D. BRIDGE.

Tolland, Conn., Oct. 26, 1835.

THE ORPHANS.

AN EXTRACT FROM KILPIN'S LIFE.

Our daily visits often bring us into contact with circumstances overwhelming and painful, but not always fit for publication. One lately occurred, which I can and must mention.

A man and his wife, honest laborers, and of regular habits, had ten children. After tugging and striving, and always disdaining a parish allowance, at last they broke under the weight of their family cares. The mother first gave way, at forty-two years of age; the father, poor man, still strove, but his spirits could not bear up—weakness and the dropsy took him off soon after. Eight orphans were left unprovided for; only eight months old, the eldest aged seventeen. Whose heart felt their woes? A sister, herself left a widow with five children, who keeps a little shop, but much more likely to be cheated out of five shillings than to clear two—she would have them; and then you might have seen thirteen orphans asleep in two rooms, and only a widow to care for them!

She was recommended to take them to the work-house.

"No, not my children," said she, "nor my brother's. No, if bread can be got."

The God of orphans saw her efforts. The parish allowed her eighteen pence a week for five of those under fourteen; the elder boy, though lame, will strive to spare a little out of his poor pittance as a country tailor.

But what is the girl of fourteen to do? The parish would do nothing for her but bind her apprentice, almost to her certain ruin. An orphan's friend brought her up to our house: Moses in the bulrushes looked no more interesting. She stood firm and upright, her head a little bent, an expressive countenance, while she told her own tale of "mother's death" and "father's sorrows," and how she tried to ease his pains by rubbing his limbs—while she spoke she wept. I never witnessed such simple, yet such perfect eloquence.

"And can you take me in sir? I can read and sew, and am willing to do any thing."

Poor girl! we were willing before she asked.

"Do you fear God?"

"Hope so, sir."

"Have you been used to spend the Sabbath in idleness when mother and father were living?"

"No, hope not, sir; we always, all of us, went twice a-day to our church. No, sir; never wished to break the Sabbath."

This was enough—we told her to come into the house appointed for just such individuals as she was. I begged that the aunt might bring her; I longed to see the aunt. This afternoon she came, and I felt a veneration for her I cannot describe. I thought,—What am I, compared with this poor woman? What did I ever venture, compared with her? I felt like a brute beast before my God, and I thought she must appear angelic.

The girl is in the Orphan Refuge, and we hope to prepare her for service. I said to her,

"Have you a Bible, child?"

Her countenance changed a little; trembling, and as if ashamed, she answered, "No sir, not a Bible; I had one, but gave it to my brother; but I have a little Testament."

She has been with us a week, and we have every prospect of her being a good girl. We now have nine in the Refuge; we have had nineteen in all, and know nothing bad of any. I think we may say that six are praying souls.

A TRUE STORY.

There lived, some years ago, in the town of —, in Connecticut, a man who was much addicted to the practice of converting his neighbor's property to his own use and benefit, without if or and. The clergyman of the town, suspecting him of making too free with his hay, had, one night, concealed himself in his barn with a dark lantern. The thief soon appeared, and, tying up a large bundle, had just left the premises when the Reverend owner, instead of bawling out,—"You scoundrel, you! what do you mean by stealing my hay?" disengaged the candle from the lantern, and dexterously applied it to the combustible load. The bundle was, soon, in a light blaze, and the unlucky fellow, suspecting he was pursued by some person with a light, laid his feet to the ground with uncommon agility. But it was in vain to escape the pursuing fire. The blaze increasing brighter as he ran, seemed, to his terrified imagination, to come nearer; till, venturing to look round to discover the extent of his danger, he perceived, to his astonishment, that the stolen hay was on fire. How it came so puzzled him not a little. But the conscious guilt assisting his natural credulity, he settled down upon the conclusion, that the fire was sent from heaven to admonish him for his transgression. Full of this alarming notion, he gave himself no rest until he had gone to the parson, and made confession of his crime, and related the warning from heaven.

The Reverend gentleman humored his credulity, under the idea, that it might reform his life. He was not mistaken; for the blazing hay had made so deep an impression on the fellow's mind, that from henceforth he forsook his evil course, became a valuable member of society, and was united to the flock of the judicious clergyman who had assisted so materially in his reformation. He finally died an honest man, in the firm belief of the interposition of Providence in setting fire to the stolen hay. The parson kept the secret till the poor man was laid in the dust, but then, even the clerical tongue could no longer resist the desire of communicating so serious an incident.—Berkshire Amer.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

Drops from the ocean of Eternity,
Rays from the centre of unfeeling light,
Things that the human eye can never see,
Are spirits,—yet they dwell near human sight;
But as the shattered magnet's fragment still,
Though far apart, will to each other turn,—
So, in the breast imprisoned, spirits will
To meet their fellow spirits vainly burn,—
And yet not vainly. If the drop shall pass
Through streams of human sorrow undefiled,—
If the eternal ray that heavenly was,
To no false earthly fire be reconciled,—
The drop shall mingle with its native main,
The ray shall meet its kindred ray again!
England. MARY ANNE BROWNE.

"What is he, whose grief bears such an emphasis."

DEPOSITING A JEWEL.—While taking our accustomed ride on Saturday, in returning to the city by way of the old post-road, and when near the Catholic cemetery, about three miles from town, we met one of the most interesting and striking funeral processions that it has been our fortune to witness. It was not composed of a long line of carriages, preceded by the physicians and clergy, with cassock, gown, and scarf, and followed by a train of people who, from their unconcern had evidently collected more to be observed by the living, than from respect to the dead. It was not a pompous hearse, with its solemn pall, and sable plumes, nodding in unison with the measured tread of its progress. It was not the yet more humble funeral, where the coffin is borne upon the shoulders of kind neighbors, followed by a train of weeping mourners on foot. No bell tolled the melancholy knell. No martial band marched to the Portuguese hymn. The corpse was not perfumed, nor carried in a polished sarcophagus, adorned with garlands of cypress, intertwined with flowers. It was not night, and no flaming torches were necessary, either to light the path, or gratify the pride of the mourners: nor would there have been any if it had been. Though slowly winding its way to the consecrated grounds of the Catholics, yet no priest preceded it with the crucifix, no officiating minister followed with a vessel of holy water. No attending monks or friars were chanting psalms or the De profundis, nor were any of the sisters of charity present to close the *Miserere* with a requiem. No minister was at the place of sepulture to read the beautiful service of the burial,—to cense and sprinkle the body—or to utter the solemn words,—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes"—as the body was lowered into the tomb. No choir was present to close the rites by the anthem *Ego sum Resurrectio* and the *Si iniquitatis*. But though divested of the pomp and circumstance of fashion, and all the outward symbols of woe—being, in truth, the smallest funeral procession, the most simple, and the most humble, that we had ever seen—as, we have already remarked, it was the most interesting. It was a lone mother, with a little boy by her side, and the coffin, containing the body of her dead infant, in her arms. They stopped us to ask where was the cemetery; and, struck by the peculiarity of the case, we availed ourselves of the pause, to make some inquiries upon the subject—remembering what the poet says,—"Men can count-

less, and speak comfort to that grief which themselves do not feel." The woman set down the casket, containing the jewel she was about to deposit; but she proved to be a German, and could speak but a few words of English. But, had her tongue been ever so well skilled in English, it was evident she had that grief within that does not speak, but "whispers the grief-fraught heart, and bids it break." Her eyes filled, and sobs choked the utterance, as she said,—

"I lost mine baby—four weeks." The little boy, however, could say enough to inform us, that the babe had died of some disease in the stomach, and that the mother, thus alone, as it were, was going to place her darling, with her own hands, in the public vault of the Roman Catholic cemetery—presenting us a paper, which, on examining, we found to be the regular order necessary for every interment. The mother then took the precious burden in her arms, and brushing the scalding tear from her own cheek, proceeded in the direction we had pointed to her. It was a touching incident, which we beg leave to recommend to Mrs. Sigourney for one of those pathetic lyrics which flow so readily from her glowing pen.—N. Y. Commercial.

PRUDENCE RECOMMENDED.

IN THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND OR WIFE.

A pretty good rule for a lady to judge of a man's character, who offers her proposals of marriage, is to ascertain how he stands with his own sex. It is to be supposed that men are generally qualified to judge of one another's merits; and as men are less reserved than women, it is not impossible in this way to form a tolerably correct estimate of their real tempers and dispositions, upon which the happiness of married life depends, more than upon capacity, learning, or wealth.

There is no care or diligence too much to use, nor any inquiry too curious to be made, before one engages for life. In an unhappy marriage, every little occurrence, every trifling circumstance, calls to remembrance one's wretchedness, and the happiness one has missed by making an injudicious choice.

And let a gentleman observe what figure and character a lady bears in the world; whether others admire her, as well as himself; especially whether the cool, and judicious, and elderly people approve her character, conduct, and all circumstances, as well as the young, the thoughtless, and the passionate. The bloom of beauty will soon wither; the glitter of riches, and the force of grandeur, will quickly become insipid.

Let young people, therefore, be advised above all things to be careful what choice they make. And that they may be effectually divested of all prejudices and attachments in favor of any person, whose outward appearance, fortune, birth, or any other circumstance, separate from the endowments of the mind, may be apt to mislead them, let them consider the character of the object, abstractly from the glare of beauty, or the lustre of fortune, and be true to themselves, and act the part which the judicious and impartial approve of.

There is a fatal error in the conduct of many young mechanics, in making choice of young women who have been brought up in indolence and gaiety, and are not possessed of fortunes suitable to the manner of life they have been accustomed to. The probable consequence of such matches, is great and remediless misery. For such women having never been practised in the economy of families, are incapable of applying themselves with that assiduity and attention, much less condescension, (unless she is a woman of very uncommon mind) to the meaner parts of household affairs, which is absolutely necessary where the income is moderate. If a young trader's gains are small, and his help-mate neither brings any thing to the common stock, nor knows how to make the most of a little, and at the same time there is a prospect of a numerous family of children coming on, with the casualties of sickness, a decay of trade, &c. they will soon be in a bad way.

The first attempt at piety is to flee from sin.

DR. CHARLES HOLMAN.

Now, 9 & 10 Penhallow street, Portsmouth, N. H.

HAS prepared and constantly on hand and for sale, wholesale and retail, the following Medicines:

Nature's Grand Restorative.

This valuable vegetable medicine stands unrivalled for the following complaints, viz: Dyspepsia or Indigestion, diseased Liver, Bilious Disorders, Dropsy, Asthma, Costiveness, Worms and Loss of Appetite, and by cleansing the stomach and bowels, cures pains in the side, stomach and breast, colds and coughs of long standing, hoarseness, shortness of breath, nervous complaints, &c. which is frequently the effect of disease. Its virtues surpass any thing heretofore known, in removing St. Vitus Dance; two bottles have been known to cure this afflicting disease in many cases. It is a powerful influence in removing nervous complaints. It is pleasant to take, and its operation so much so, that it may be administered to the infant with safety. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

Directions for receiving this or any other of the following named medicines accompany and envelope each bottle. Certificates of the efficacy of this medicine have been received from the Rev. George Storrs, a talented and highly esteemed minister of the Gospel, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; also, from William Walker, Esq. an officer of the Customs of the port of Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Josiah Webster, dec'd, late a Messenger of the several Banks in Portsmouth, and Mr. Robert Foster, printer, of the same place—which gentlemen, it is well known here, are as credible, respectable and competent witnesses as any persons in this community. Also from the Hon. Judge B. H. of Allentown, N. H., Isaac K. Palmer of Concord, N. H., Mr. Ralph Smith of East Cambridge, Mass. and several others of respectable persons.

Holman's Bone Ointment.

This ointment stands at the head of all remedies for the following diseases which human nature is heir to, viz: Rheumatism, both chronic and inflammatory, gout, sprains, bruises and contracted tendons, of long standing. It dissolves all tumors, renders stiff joints limber, by producing a healthy muscular action. It assuages pains in Boils and Abscesses. Nothing equals it in its swiftness and efficacy in the cure of all the above diseases. It is early stage, prevents suppuration or matter forming, and gives in all cases immediate ease from pain. Certificates of this fact could be given, if necessary. This remedy is offered to the public with the assurance that it far exceeds the Opodeldones and Liniments of the present day, for the above diseases. A trial is only wanted to give it the decided preference to every thing else. Many physicians of eminence have used this ointment and extol its merits.

A certificate of Mr. Robert Gurney, carriage maker, of Portsmouth, of the cure of his daughter of a contracted knee, accompanies and envelopes each bottle.

Beck Ointment.

Directions for using this preparation accompany each box. This ointment is safe and speedy in its operation. It contains no mercurial or other deleterious ingredients, so common a many of the popular ointments in use.

Vegetable Elixir.

This elixir is useful in all cases of pain, is taken inwardly or applied externally. Directions accompany and envelope each vial.

Fine Slippery Elm, for Pouches.

There never was a medicine introduced into the "healing art" surpassing this, for burns, bites, cuts, bruises, chilblains, old sores and ulcers, inflamed and swelled breasts, and inflammations generally. The poultice is made in the ordinary way, as you would any other poultice, with milk and water, cold or hot, as the case may require. There is another kind, which is called superfine, for internal use. All may be had in any quantity of Charles Holman Penhallow street, Portsmouth, N. H.

Superfine Flour of Elm Bark.

This article is a valuable specific in Pleurisy, Diarrhoea, Catarrh, Dysentery, Quinsy, Consumption, inflammation of the stomach, bowels, throat, &c. &c. Nothing surpasses it for external application as a poultice, for inflamed eyes, bites, cuts,

bruises, and sores in general. This medicine is recommended by the first medical gentlemen in our country for the above complaints. Directions to each package.

Dr. Holman's Cough Syrup.

This Cough Syrup is a most valuable medicine for loosening a hard dry cough, and for those who are inclined to consumptive habits. It is valuable for children, in cases of whooping cough, croup, &c. &c.

Directions.—For grown persons, take from two to four spoonfuls, as the case may require. Children from one to two spoonfuls.

Vegetable Bitters.

This preparation is calculated to correct the bile and create an appetite, by restoring the digestive powers; and may be freely used both as a restorative and to prevent disease. Directions with the vial.

Holman's Drops for Fits.

A great number of children afflicted with Fits arising from various causes, as well as numerous adult cases of falling sickness, have been radically cured by a proper use of this medicine. Directions accompany each vial.

Holman's Essence of Cayenne.

This truly valuable and pleasant preparation possesses every possible advantage over that in its crude state.

Dr. Holman's Cough Powder.

This Cough Powder is a most valuable remedy for common colds, whooping cough, and coughs of long standing. It is long long tested, and is recommended to the public as one of the most valuable medicines now in use.

Directions.—Take half a teaspoonful in molasses on going to bed.

Dr. Holman's Jaundice Powders.

This powder is one of the best Jaundice preparations now in use for this distressing complaint. It cleanses a foul stomach, and produces a healthy state of the bile.

A most distressing case of Jaundice accompanied with great debility, was recently cured in this place, in the course of three days, by the powder. Directions with the vial.

Also a very general assortment of medicinal herbs, roots, leaves, &c. are constantly on hand at wholesale or retail, at as accommodating prices on commission or other arrangement, as at any other large establishment in the Union.

Particular information respecting the above medicines may be found in a pamphlet published by the Proprietor, which may be had of the Agents.

The following persons are agents for the sale of the above named medicines:—

Massachusetts. Geo. M. Mead, Union street, Maynard & Noyes, No. 13 Cornhill, Boston, Washington, No. 10, Boston; Rev. N. S. Spaulding, Newbury; H. Haseilton, Haverhill; Joshua Hubbard, Lowell; Elijah Porter, No. 3 Washington street, Salem; James Worthing, Amesbury; Rev. Samuel Norris, Salisbury.

New Hampshire. Kirtledge & Cleveland, Lamprey River; Uri Lamper, Hampton; Upham & Herr, Rochester Plains; Dr. Reuben Wheeler, Dover; James Fogg, Ossipee; William Gault, Concord; Ephraim Day, Lamprey River; Wm. North & Co. Great Falls, Somersworth; John H. Wheeler, Asa A. Tully, Dr. W. Norwood, Exeter; John R. Reding, Haverhill; Elder Gay Beckley, Keene.

Maine. Dr. Benj. Hamner, Bangor; David Griffin, Portland; Elder Henry Frost, Corvillie; William Spring, Calais; Capt. Silvanus Albee, St. Stevens; J. M. Jackson, Jr. & Co. Belfast; Joseph Clark, York; Sam'l Adams, Cape Neddick; Samuel Sawyer, Ogunquit; Capt. William Gooch, Wells; and Remick, Kennebunk; Enoch Goodale, Saco; William Winslow, Brunswick; James Bowen, Gardiner; Yappan & Ladd, Augusta; Jesse Taylor, Norridgewick.

Vermont. Burnham & Skinner, Newbury.

New York. Rushford & Aspinwall, James H. Hall, and A. Innes & Co., New York City; J. V. E. Vanderpool, Brooklyn.

*All directions signed in the hand writing of the Proprietor.

Nov. 11.

A. L. HASKELL & CO.

WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Furniture, Feathers, Mattresses, Beds, &c. at Chambers Nos. 8 and 10 Dock Square—have on hand, and will continue to keep constantly for sale, in any quantity that may be wanted, the following articles, which will be sold on such terms as can best please the purchaser, viz:—Secretaries, Dressing Cases, Bureaus, Green, Card, Penholders, Bedsteads, Trunk Trunks, Work Tables, Bedsteads, Couches, Sofas, &c. Sofa Bedsteads, Cris and Trunk Bedsteads, Mahogany and stained-wood Cradles, Fancy and common Chairs, Cabinet Chairs, Wain Scands and Toilet Tables, Counting Rooms and Foreign Desks, Looking Glasses, Brass Fire Sets, Brass Time Pieces, Wooden Clocks, Bells and Bells.

MATTRESSES.—Double bordered best Spanish hair, double bordered Russian hair, single bordered Russian Hair—different qualities and prices.

FEATHERS.—Best Northern Live Geese, Southern and Western do.; Russian of various kinds—all of which are warranted free from smell and moths.

BEADS.—Feather Beds, of different qualities and prices; Bed Ticks, Pillows and Cushions, ready made.

*Every article sold, warranted equal to recommendation. Business personally attended to, and all favors thankfully received.

Nov. 11.

SCHOOL TESTAMENTS.

THIS day received, a large lot of School Testaments, on good paper and type, (from the American Bible Society's Plates) and strongly bound in cloth. This is the best school edition of the Testament in the market, and will be sold at a very small advance on the cost of manufacture. Also, a good collection of quarto, octavo, and duodecimo Bibles, that are very strongly bound, and superior to any others, and at unusually low prices.

RUSSELL, SHATTUCK & CO.

Nov. 11.

WHITTIER & WARREN.

WARREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.—All descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 10 Dock Square, (opposite Faneuil Hall), Boston. Sept. 9.

Nov. 11.

TRUSSES.

THE Subscriber informs the public and individuals afflicted with Hernia or